



My Lady's Desk

BY HELEN ROWLAND

What was this thing of white and gold
Originally meant to hold?
'Tis piled so high with sundry things,
With slippers, cards and corset strings,
Its primal use is quite forgot
In such a miscellaneous lot.
No letter doth it hold, nor sonnet,
Not e'en a poem; but here's a bonnet,
A bonbon dish, some cigarettes,
A bunch of wilted violets,
A garter buckle and a shoe,
An actor's photograph or two.

Some books—ah, yes—but none indeed
Her chaperon would have her read—
A broken fan, a eucure tally,
A picture of an opera ballet.
—New York Times.

A Gibson girl and—what? Amen!
I find down here at last—a pen!
Do you suppose—Oh, thought grotesque!
This is my lady's "writing" desk?

An Indian's Gratitude

Sam Augustus was of the Algonquin tribe, a typical Indian of these days of reservations—lazy, shiftless and addicted to strong drink. As an Indian he was more or less despised by the white men with whom he came in contact, but was much too easy-going to be disturbed by that. The possessor of a small farm on Georgina Island, he was so far true to the traditions of his ancestors as to allow Mrs. Sam Augustus to earn his living for him, which she cheerfully did, reaping harvest in the summer time by weaving baskets of sweet grass and reeds for the holiday seekers who annually visited Beaverton.

Beaverton was the most picturesque spot on the shores of Lake Simcoe, but Sam Augustus, on the occasions of his periodical visits to the mainland, never stopped to contemplate its various points of interest. There was but one attraction in the place for him, and that, it must be confessed with shame, was the barroom of the Alexandra house.

Sam's visits to Beaverton, or, to be more exact, to the Alexandra house, usually terminated in his crawling into the loft of the hotel stable, there to sleep off the effects of the potent fire water he had imbibed. But on a Saturday night in June he enjoyed a novel experience.

Paul Wilson had come to the mill that day with a load of grain and had converted the grain not into flour, but into greasy bits of paper which he deemed far more useful. Then, as he was consumed with a great thirst, and, moreover, had the wherewithal to slake it, he naturally turned his team toward the Alexandra house. Matters following in logical sequence, Paul Wilson developed ere night into a drunken bully, with Sam Augustus the especial object of his hectoring. Sam, indeed, was in a fair way to get the beating of his life when Ed Daleton interfered.

Daleton interfered to such an extent that Paul was escorted to the village hospital, while Sam Augustus, ready by that time to consent to any proposal, acceded to Daleton's request to go home with him and in the morning join the haymakers on the Daleton estate.

An hour later found Sam tucked into the most comfortable bed he had

must have felt at least half way grateful.

The summer days passed away and the autumn shadows lengthened into the blackness of winter, but Sam Augustus had not once appeared at the Alexandra house since that night in June. Whatever conjectures the habits of the place might have hazarded concerning his absence were driven out of mind, however, by a series of occurrences which gave the villagers ample reason for not only much gossip, but also much alarm.



He Was Skating Across the Lake as He Had Never Skated Before.

Thieves made their presence felt in that Sleepy Hollow of Canada. One burglary followed another in rapid succession. In every case the cracksmen went about their work in a way that proved they were no novices.

Of all this Sam Augustus was in profound ignorance. He and Mrs. Sam were now the only inhabitants of Georgina Island, the half dozen other Indians who comprised the normal population being away with some wild west show. For many moons Sam had remained at home with his wife, fighting manfully against his lust for drink, but at last a day came when Sam decided that he must yield or die. So with the setting sun he strapped on his skates and started over the ice to Beaverton.

He was passing a little cove on that side of the island farthest from his home when he noticed what looked uncommonly like a boat's sail flapping in the wind. This impressed Sam as being a bit out of the ordinary for midwinter, but what gave him a distinct shock was seeing a light in a log cabin that to his knowledge had been unoccupied for years.

There was enough of his ancestors' blood in his veins to make him wary, and he conjectured, not without reason, that whoever was in the old cabin had no right to be there. So he stooped down, unfastened his skates, and slung them around his neck, and, swift as a deer, ran to the shore of the cove. Cautiously he crept over the snow until he stood behind the cabin and looked in through a window.

Seated at a little table were two men, both keen-visaged, both well dressed and both youthful. Overhead hung a dirty lantern. On the table between them was spread out a sheet of white paper, which they were examining with great interest.

"This," Sam heard one say, pointing to a mark on the paper, "is the veranda entrance I was telling you about. It leads straight into the old man's room, and they say he generally has

a tidy sum around. Farther along here is a window to one of the guest chambers, and we may pick up a sparkle or two in that room, for a big house party is on at Simcoe Lodge just now, and the wealthy Mrs. Vineland is one of the guests. Then we'll back to our iceboat and be under cover again before they knew we've paid 'em a visit."

Sam opened those little eyes of his wider. He was not overgifted with an active brain, but the reference to Simcoe Lodge had sharpened his intellect, for Simcoe Lodge was the home of Ed Daleton, and had not Ed Daleton—well, Sam Augustus drew closer to the cabin window.

Sam waited to hear no more. The men were thieves, and they intended robbing the home of the only white man who had ever befriended him. Oh, lazy, shiftless Sam Augustus, why do you hurry so?

For he was skating across the lake as he had never skated before. Twenty miles stretched between him and that part of the mainland where Simcoe Lodge stood, and he must be fleet indeed to arrive before the boat.

On, on through the night he raced. In his face blew the first gusts of a storm, but he plunged through the crystal flakes, his snowy legs fairly flying over the level surface. Now he could see lights twinkling in the distance, and his Indian instinct told him they were from a farmhouse not far from the Daleton estate. Not a light could be seen from Simcoe Lodge itself, for a huge row of fir trees, wind breakers, screened the house from the lake blasts.

Sam swung along buoyantly. The next moment a hissing, whistling sound came to his ears, and he saw a flash of white glide past him, to be swallowed up in the darkness.

It was the boat. They would beat him yet. He dug his skates into the ice despairingly and hurried himself forward. But in a minute or two he became hopeful again. It was yet too early for the burglars to begin work. He could easily arrive in time to warn the household.

Not pausing to seek the gate into the Daleton grounds, he leaped the high fence that paralleled the fir trees only to alight upon a human body. Next moment he was grasped by no tender hands.

"Here, what's this?" he heard a voice exclaim. "Turn yer glim on, Rata. Here's a nice kind of a party that comes tumblin' onto a man without so much as a beg pardon."

Sam Augustus writhed desperately, but another pair of brawny hands seized him, and he was helpless, yet he kept up the struggle, and as he fought, shouted with all the strength of his red man's lungs:

"Thieves!"

"Blast it, stop that!" commanded the voice. "Ye won't, eh? Then"—

There was a click and a report. Sam gave a groan and staggered back. Spud let him slip to the ground.

"I thought I'd stop ye," he muttered. "Say, Rata, I"—

Something bright flashed through the night. The Indian had risen to his knees. Spud fell, with the toe of a skate in his brain.

"Thieves!" shouted Sam.

In a yard of the old Free Kirk at Beaverton is a plain white shaft with this inscription:

"SAM AUGUSTUS,
The Indian Who
Remembered."
—Montreal Family Herald.

Senator Perkins' Idea.

Senator George C. Perkins of California has some unusual ideas regarding the election of United States Senators, and on account of these he refused to listen to the appeals of his friends to go to California during the recent senatorial fight there.

"I regard the members of the legislature," said he, "as the jury of the people, so far as the election of senators is concerned. Before the election of the legislature I made a campaign which extended the length and breadth of my state. I told the people that I was a candidate for re-election and I made my promises to them. They elected a Republican legislature, and by so doing made that legislature their jury. When opposition appeared to my re-election my friends urged me to leave Washington and personally conduct my case before the legislature, but I do not think it is right for senators to try to influence the action of legislatures, so I remained in Washington. In other words, I refused to tamper with the jury."

Many Miles of New Railroad.

According to the Railroad Gazette, 6,026 miles of new steam railroad were built in the United States during 1902. The figures are exclusive of second track, sidings and all electric lines. Rebuilt mileage is also excluded, except where the work involved such extensive changes in alignment that a new route was established.

Paints Manufactured in America.

About \$75,000,000 worth of paints are made each year in the United States.

SYMPATHY OUT OF PLACE

The Only Way to Offer Help in Some Instances Is to Buy a Pie.

"Out West, a few years ago, while journeying around with a friend of mine, I overheard a conversation which goes to show that sympathy is often misplaced," said the roving man, "and the moral is not by any means a bad one. The quick way in which the man turned on his friend, who had offered him an abundance of sympathy, so far as sympathy can be extended by mere words, was very amusing and showed that the fellow was quick-witted and unusually bright, despite the fact that he had fallen into a rather rough road."

"The young man had been out West for some time. He had gone out there with the idea that he could win a fortune, but instead of finding the way to success a smooth one, it was rather rough and rocky, marred by thorns to prick the feet, pitfalls and all that kind of thing. Put in plain, unpoetic language he was run down at the heel and bagging at the knee. In order to make a living he had been forced to become a pie merchant on a small scale. He was in this business when we found him, and had a small movable stand on the corner of two streets in a well known mining town. My friend recognized him at a glance, and rushed up to greet him. The fellow seemed to be just a little embarrassed and my friend thought it would be the proper thing to do to offer a little sympathy."

"Sorry to see you situated as you are, old fellow, and in this business," said my friend feelingly.

"D—your sympathy. Buy a pie," was the quick rejoinder of the vender, and in a few moments we had left him shrieking out his wares to men who passed that way."

"At least he convinced my friend that there are moments in a man's life when the mere sympathy of the mouth, no matter how earnest or how fervent the words, can not meet the requirements of the case, and that the real and only way to offer help in such instances is to buy a pie."

CHINAMEN IN THE STATES.

There is a Considerable Army of Almond-Eyed Celestials in America.

It is estimated that there are about 100,000 Chinamen in the United States and that 20,000 of them are in San Francisco. There is a considerable Chinese colony in New York and there are small colonies in Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. Though they do not belong to the educated classes, 95 per cent of them can read and write. A daily paper in the Chinese language is published in San Francisco and another in New York.

Nearly all the Chinamen in the United States come from the single province of Kwong-Tung, the most populous of the eighteen provinces of the Chinese empire. Its capital is Canton. Six countries of this province send out most of the emigrants to the United States. The inhabitants of this province have for centuries been more adventurous and founder of travelling than the rest of their fellow countrymen and they are always ready to face danger if there is a good chance of profit.—Leslie's Monthly.

Seeing a Ghost.

When you think you see a ghost how can you tell whether it really is a ghost or not? A recent writer gives the following scientific method: "We assume that a person sees an apparition; it may be objective (i. e., having existence outside the observer's mind), or merely a creature of a disordered brain (subjective). The seer, while looking at the vision with both his eyes, gently depresses one eyeball with his forefinger, from outside the top eyelid (so causing a squint). If objective (whether bogus or not) two outlines of the 'ghost' will be seen; but one (of course) if it be subjective. One may prove this by trial, any time, with any object, near or far. I mention this because of the many nervous and brain-wearyed people who see spooks, and to whom it would be better that they should know that the trouble is within themselves, and so seek a capable doctor, than continue to be haunted, as they believe, by the supernatural."

Why Hewitt Did Not Retire.

The fact that some rich men, who are amply able to retire from business, remain in the harness simply because they can't get out was illustrated in the continuous business career of Abram S. Hewitt. "Why don't you retire from active business?" he was asked one day. This referred more particularly to his iron interests. "I can't get out," he answered. "At least, I can't get out on terms which I feel it would be honorable to accept. I had a chance some time ago to sell out our Toronto works, but the condition was that they should be closed down permanently. This would have thrown about 500 of our men out of work; people who had been with us for years, and many of whom bought little homes in Trenton. I could not accept such terms, so here I am, with the burden yet on my shoulders, and I suppose death alone will relieve me of it."—Kansas City Journal.

Denver Directory.

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